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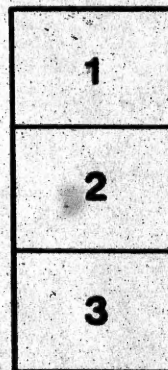
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GIFTS OF FLOWERS.

New Brunswick Readers.

THE
FIRST
READER.

*Prescribed by the Board of Education for use in the
Schools of New Brunswick.*



C. FLOOD & SONS

ST. JOHN, N.B.



Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the office of the Minister of
Agriculture, by W. J. GAGE & Co. Limited, Toronto, in the year 1900.

50210



PREFACE.

THE FIRST READER has been issued in response to a demand for additional reading matter for the lower classes in the schools of the Province. The lessons chosen will, it is believed, hold the voluntary attention of the pupils, increase considerably their stock of word-forms, and aid in securing correct and effective reading. The illustrations, apart from their use as pictures, and the occasional exercises thereon, are designed to train the imagination, and cultivate fluent oral expression.

It is assumed:

- (1) That the needs of the pupils will determine the order in which the lessons shall be read.
- (2) That the pronunciation of difficult words will be indicated on the blackboard by diacritical marks in order that the pupils may be prepared to use the dictionary in subsequent study.

PREFACE.

(3) That defects in articulation and enunciation will be corrected by systematic, daily and often individual drill on the elementary sounds.

(4) That the use and meaning of difficult words and phrases will be inferred by the pupils from suitable sentences or illustrations, and that these words and phrases will be used by them in sentences of their own composition.

(5) That the pupils' intelligent appreciation of the thoughts in each lesson will be secured by questioning or otherwise before oral reading is permitted.

(6) That the teacher will supplement the suggestive exercises in the Reader by such others as the nature of the lesson to be studied and the needs of his pupils may require.



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FIRST READER.

ABOUT MR. CRAB.

inside	either/	again
breathe	spare	frame
carries	notch	armor

1. I could, for a year, tell you queer things about Mr. Crab.
2. Where are your bones?
3. They are inside your body.
4. Your bones are a frame to hold up your soft flesh.
5. Mr. Crab's bones are on the outside of his body.
6. His bones are his armor, to keep him from being hurt.
7. The crab can live and breathe either in water or on land.
8. You can live only on land.
9. He can both walk and swim.
10. Mrs. Crabb lays eggs.

11. A hen, you know, lays eggs, one by one, in a nest.

12. She keeps them warm till the chicks come out.

13. The crab's eggs are put in a long tube or sack.

14. Mrs. Crab does not leave them in a nest.

15. She carries them tied on her long legs, or under her body.

16. When the small crabs come out of the eggs, they grow very fast.

17. When you catch a crab by his arm or leg, if you do not let go, he drops off his arm or leg, and runs.

18. He will first pinch you if he can with his big claw.

19. Could you run with one leg gone?

20. The crab has legs to spare.

21. Then, too, his legs will grow again.

22. Yours would not.

23. A crab's leg, or hand, will grow again very soon, when one has been lost.



A LETTER FROM ROMP.

kitten

people

climbed

piazza

saucer

breakfast

1. I am a little brown kitten, six months old. People call me Romp because I play so much.

2. It is true that I have no brother or sister kitten to play with, but then I can have lots of fun playing with a little string, or a stick, or running after my own tail.

3. My little mistress' namē is Kitty, too, and she gives me a saucer full of milk every morning. I drink it all up, every drop. That is the reason why I am so fat.

4. But I am going to tell you of a dreadful thing that happened to me last week.

5. Monday morning, after I had eaten my breakfast and washed my face, I went out into the garden for a walk.

6. When I came around to the back of the house, I saw two men at work piling up wood.

7. Our house has a wide piazza all around it, and they were piling the wood underneath the piazza, so as to keep it from the rain this coming winter. I sat down and watched them work for a while.

8. By and by the men went away into the field. After they had gone I went over to see the wood. I

climbed under the piazza, and sat down on one of the sticks in the pile.

9. Sitting so long in the sun had made me sleepy, and I curled down in a hole and began to dream about a mouse.

10. After a long time I woke up, but everything was all dark around me.

11. To be sure, I can see in the dark, but I did not like my fix very well, for, when I tried to get out of my hole, I could not move.

12. Then I knew what had happened. The men must have come back with some more wood when I was asleep, and piled it all up and fastened me in, so that I could not get out.

13. What a dreadful thing to happen to a cat!

14. I felt very badly, for I thought I should have to stay inside of that great pile of wood and starve to death.

15. I scratched and pulled at the wood with my claws, but that did not do any good.

16. "Oh! what shall I do?" thought I to myself. "What will Kitty say when she cannot find me any more?"

17. After a while I heard my little mistress out doors playing. She was singing, and drawing along her doll's carriage.

18. I mewed as loud as I could, but she was singing so happily that she did not hear me.

19. By and by she stopped singing, and then I mewed very loud.

20. "Kitty, kitty," called she.

21. "Miaw," cried I.

22. "Pussy, where are you?" she called.

23. "Miaw, miaw," said I, which meant in cat language, "Here I am under the wood."

24. My little mistress came running to the wood-pile.

25. "O Romp!" said she, "you're in that wood, I know you are. Come out and play with me. Don't hide any longer."

26. "Miaw," said I, just as loud as I could, which meant, "I can't get out."

27. She understood me this time, too, and she tried with all her strength to pull away the sticks of wood. But I was away inside the pile, and she was too little to help me out. She began to cry out loud.

28. "O my dear kitty," said she, "I can't help you."

29. She cried so loud that Bridget came to the door.

30. "What's the matter, darling?" said she.

31. "Kitty is in the wood-pile, and I can't get her out," sobbed my mistress.

32. Bridget called the two men that had fastened me in there, and they took down their great wood-pile,

and, at last, they found me covered with dust, sitting in a little hole.

33. My little mistress was so glad to get me again that she kissed me over and over, and afterwards she brushed the dust off my white coat.

34. Now, I hope that this will be a warning to all little kittens to keep away from wood-piles where men are at work. Your friend, Romp.

MARY E. BAMFORD.

Exercise. — Why was this kitten called Romp?
Tell Romp's story in your own words.

"Kitty is in the wood-pile."



OF WHAT USE ARE FLIES?

people	numbers	enough
worthy	animals	insects
health	decay	trouble

1. How often people cry out, "Oh, I wish there were no flies! What is the use of a fly?"

2. But all things that God has made have their uses. And all God's works are worthy of study.

3. You have learned that worms are of great use. Let us see if Mrs. Fly does any good in the world.

4. Mrs. Fly is of great use to man. She helps to keep him in health. Do you think that very strange?

5. People say, "Oh, these *dirty* flies!" And yet these "dirty flies" help to keep the world clean!

6. Now, you know that all over the world great numbers of animals die each minute, and many of their bodies lie on the ground and decay.

7. The foul smell of such bodies in decay causes disease and death to men. In winter, and in cold places, such things do not decay so fast, and so do not make these bad odors.

8. But in hot days, if such dead things lie about, they will poison the air. Soon we should all be ill.

9. The work of Mrs. Fly is to lay many eggs in these dead bodies. In a few hours these eggs turn to grubs, and these grubs to little live worms, which begin to eat as fast as they can.

10. Soon they leave only dry bones, which can do no harm, changing the dead stuff into their own fat bodies.

11. You know that the crabs are among the street-cleaners of the sea. So the flies are among the street-cleaners of the air and land.

12. Did you ever watch flies dart about, here and there, with a flight like hawks? They are eating up evil things, too small for us to see. But

these are yet big enough to hurt us if we should get them into our lungs.

13. Ask your teacher to tell you a little about your lungs.

14. In and about our homes many bits of things drop, and might decay and mould. This would make the air foul. But the busy and greedy fly drinks up all the soft part of these things.

15. So we see that what we call the "dirty flies" help to clean away much dirt.

16. Then, too, the fly serves for food for many birds, and fish, and frogs, and some insects. Some of these things we use for our food. Others are full of beauty, or are of use to us, each in its own way.

17. Thus, though the fly is often a trouble to us, we find it is not without its uses. Look at one of these little creatures through a glass that will magnify it. You will see that the poor insect has really much beauty.



PIP.

coming

persuaded

soaked

lonesome

hungry

heart

1. Ah! ~~when~~ Pip was a cunning chick; so soft ~~and~~ downy, and two such bright, black eyes! Polly thought him the very nicest little thing in all the world. She had such a tender little heart, that when Pip's mother was run over by the farm wagon she begged her grandpa for it.

2. "I will be his mother," she said.

3. Pip soon learned to know that he had only to cry "Peep, peep, peep!" and Polly would run to him as fast as she could. He was very naughty about it, too, and would wake Polly at night very often, to give him some bread soaked in water.

4. Polly would rub her sleepy eyes, and say:—

5. "Pip, dear, if you just wouldn't get hungry at night"; but she always gave him his bread-crumbs.

6. When Polly's little friends came to ask her to go out to play, she would shake her head and say:—

7. "I can't go, 'cause Pip gets so lonesome."

8. One day grandma persuaded Polly to leave Pip long enough to go with her to visit a sick friend.

9. "Take good care of Pip, mamma," said Polly; and mamma promised to be very careful.

10. Pip sat on her hand while she wrote a letter, and pecked at her fingers until he grew tired. Then he tried to put his little head under his wing to go to sleep.

11. Mamma soon forgot all about him; and when she came to look for him found that he had slipped down into the folds of her dress and was dead.

12. When Polly came home she ran into the house, crying: "Where's my dear Pip?" But poor Pip lay in mamma's hand, on his back, with his little claws curled up, and his little eyes tightly closed.

13. Then Polly cried until Uncle Bob took her on his knee and told her he would carve her a beautiful stone to put on Pip's grave.

14. Polly dried her eyes and put Pip in a little box lined with cotton. Aunt Fan gave her a bunch of flowers tied with white ribbon.

After the stone was finished, Polly printed on it, in her very best letters:—

MY DEAR PIP.

AGED THREE WEEKS.

15. "I loved Pip ever so much," said Polly, afterwards, to her mamma; "but I am real glad that I can go out to play with the girls again; and then, we had such a beautiful funeral."

LOUISA T. BROOKS.

HARRY'S SLED.

coasting	presents	beauty
spied	wishful	bright
sparkling	splendid	Christmas

1. His Aunt had given it to him. It was a real beauty. It was painted black, with bright flowers on it, and on the side in gilt letters was its name,—

FLY-AWAY.

2. This sled was one of Harry's Christmas presents, and he liked it the best of all.

3. The first good day for coasting he went out to try it.

4. He thought it had just the right name, for it did "fly away" down the hill, sure enough.

5. Pretty soon he spied Fred Cole looking at his present with wishful eyes.

6. "Here, Fred, don't you want to try my new sled?" said Harry.

7. "Yes, indeed, if I may," said Fred.

8. "Well, then, jump on and see how you like my

FLY-AWAY."

9. "It's splendid!" said Fred, with sparkling eyes, as he came up the hill.

10. After Fred had a good many coasts, Harry took the sled again.

11. I think the reason he had such a good time the rest of the day was because he was so kind to poor Fred, who had no sled of his own.

Exercise. — Why was Harry's sled rightly named?

Why did Fred's eyes sparkle?

What was Harry's reward for his kindness to Fred Cole?

Harry's sled was named
rightly.

Kindness merits reward.

HER THIMBLE.

1. She hunted in the closet,
She hunted on the stair,
She hunted round the door-step,
She hunted everywhere.
2. She hunted thro' the twilight,
But, when the dark had come,
She paused to wipe her tears away,
And found it on her thumb!



THE YOUNG LETTER-WRITER.

1. She thought she'd write a letter;
But, then, she didn't think

She'd be so very careless
With her sister's purple ink.

2. She got it on her fingers;
She got it on her dress;
And a sorry little creature
Was our pretty little Bess.
3. She scribbled and she folded,
And she pasted on a stamp,
And dried it on her apron, —
The roguish little scamp!
4. She saw the others writing,
As easy as could be;
And why *she* shouldn't also
She really didn't see.
5. She's a darling little Bessie,
Although she didn't think
She'd be so very careless
With her sister's pen and ink.

R. W. LOURIE.

*She saw the others writing,
As easy as could be.*

THE LOST HAT.

ashamed

trusted

among

suppose

cherries

branches

answered

because

school

1. "Where is my hat, mother?" said Johnny, one day.
2. "I don't know," answered his mother.
3. "Well, how can I go to school without my hat?" he said.
4. "Oh, I will let you wear my hat," said his mother; "I know where that is."
5. "But I don't want to wear your hat, mother. I should be ashamed to wear your hat to school" said Johnny, almost crying.
6. "Yes," answered his mother, "I suppose you would. But it seems to me you ought to be ashamed, too, not to know where your own hat is."
7. "I am sorry that I don't know,"

said Johnny; "but I don't see why I should be ashamed."

8. "Because," answered his mother, "it shows that you cannot be trusted to take care of your own things. If you cannot take care of a hat now, what are you going to do when you are a man, and have a great many things to take care of?"

9. "Oh," said Johnny, "I shall learn to take care of things before I grow to be a man."

10. "Not if you don't begin to learn now," answered his mother.

11. Just then, Johnny happened to look up in the cherry-tree by the door, and there was his hat among the branches.

12. "I see my hat!" he cried out. "I remember now that I took it off when I was up getting cherries, and then I forgot all about it."

13. So Johnny climbed up in the

tree, got his hat, and ran off to school as fast as he could run.

Exercise. — What was the trouble with Johnny?

What answer did his mother make him?

Why ought Johnny to have been ashamed?

Was he ashamed?

Where was his hat?

Where do cherries grow?

What is the seed like?

WONDERLAND.

1. Above in the tree sings a robin,
I lie here on the ground;
I wonder how he learned that song,
And where his wings he found.
2. If I could become a robin,
And sing the livelong day,
I wonder if things that puzzle me
Would roll like the clouds away.
3. What is it makes the stars so
bright?
What makes the sky so blue?

Do the angels, I wonder, up in
their homes,
See me as they look through?

4. And the brilliant rainbow colors,
After the shower is o'er,
Puzzle my brain with a wonder,
Making me wish for more.

5. But God is up in heaven,
And the robin sings for joy;
He knows why He made all things,
And made me only a boy.

PARKER HAYDEN.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

spared

roaming

chanced

angry

roared

gnawed

1. One day a huge lion was taking
a nap. A mouse, not seeing it was
a lion, ran over his back and waked
him.

2. This made the lion angry, and he
was going to kill the mouse.

3. But the mouse said, "Oh, pray don't kill me, good lion! I am only a little thing. Some time I may help you, if you let me live." So the lion let him go.

4. One day, when this same lion was roaming about in the woods, he fell into a net. It was a trap, and held him fast.

5. In his rage and fear he roared loudly. Just then the little mouse whose life he had spared chanced to be near at hand. He ran to help him, quickly gnawed the ropes with his sharp teeth, and set the big lion loose.

6. Then the mouse said, "Now are you not glad that you didn't kill me?"

Exercise. — What is a nap?

Why was the lion angry?

What does *roaming* mean?

What does *gnawed* mean?

Use *gnawed* correctly in a sentence of your own.

How did the mouse repay the kindness of the lion?



THE WAX DOLLAR.

1. When Grandma Babcock went to visit Aunt Ada she took Trotty with

her. Trotty was three years old, and was very fond of good things. She found out very soon that there was a grocery and provision store near the house where Aunt Ada lived.

2. In front of the store hung two big bunches of bananas. Trotty liked bananas very much.

3. One day, when Trotty was playing out on the front steps, her aunt, who was very fond of her, leaned out of the window and threw down a little package.

4. "There, Trotty," she said, "go and buy a banana."

5. Trotty unwrapped the package and found two cents. She went to the store feeling as if she had grown to be a very big girl.

6. After that she wanted to go every day to get bananas, and she soon spent all the pennies her aunt had.

7. "I'll have to spend my penny

now," she said. "I found it in the sewing-machine drawer, and I've been saving it."

8. She went to her baby house, picked up a little box, and then started for the store.

9. The grocer took down the biggest banana he had, and gave it to her; but he laughed when he looked at the money Trotty put in his hand.

10. "See what that child gave me," he said to Aunt Ada, when she was in the store the next day.

11. Aunt Ada looked, and saw that it was a big wax dollar that she had made years before when she was taking lessons in wax-work.

12. And Trotty had thought it was a penny, and had bought a banana with it.

Trotty liked bananas, and often bought them.



Aunt Ada saw that it was a big wax dollar that she had made years before.

Trotty had thought it was a penny.

OUR LION.

puppy	harness	nickel
stable	market	butchers
whine	basket	cousin

1. Our dog's name is Lion. Why? Because he is bold,—bold as a *lion*. We have had him ever since he was a puppy a week old, and he has grown up to be not only bold, but good and kind and wise.

2. If I want to take my sister Nell to ride, I harness Lion to a little carriage, and he will trot off as fast as a pony.

3. Sometimes I say to Lion, "Let us go to market." Then he will run and take the basket in his mouth and follow me.

4. Sometimes I say to him, "Lion, I have no dinner for you to-day." Then he will whine and look unhappy.

5. But if I say, "Lion, here is a nickel; go to the butcher's and buy your dinner," he shows great joy. He will take the coin in his mouth, trot off to the butcher's, and get a slice of meat with it.

6. Lion takes great care of the children. One day baby was in the stable, and crept near the horse's feet. Lion saw that the horse might kick baby: so he took hold of her dress with his teeth, and pulled her away where she would be safe.

7. He is kind to other dogs. One day he found a little dog that had been hurt in the leg by a stone

thrown by a cruel boy. Lion licked the wound, gave him some of his own dinner, and took care of the dog till he got well.

s. Then he brought his friend to our house. I think he meant that we should keep him. But we had dogs enough; so we gave him to Cousin Dick.

s. This dog's name is Carlo. He has grown up to be a good dog, but he is not equal to Lion. In the whole world there are very few dogs like Lion.

SWINTON'S FIRST READER.

DRIVE GENTLY.

Ho! Master Driver, if you will,
Please to go gently down the hill,
And do not pull the reins too tight,
But just enough to keep him right.
Speak to him kindly, and I know
That down the hill you'll safely go.

Don't use your whip, and you will
find
'Tis always better to be kind.

THE GRATEFUL CAT.

distress	country	nearly
enough	always	relieve
pitiful	mewing	though

1. A lady tells this pretty story of how a cat showed its thanks to a kind friend who had helped it in distress:

2. While living in a country place, one day the cat ate some rat-poison, but not enough to kill it. It was very ill, and cried like a little child. Its pain and heat were so great that it would dip its paws in water to cool them, though cats nearly always keep away from the water.

3. At last it went to the lady, and, mewing and looking up to her in a

most pitiful way, seemed to ask for help. The lady took the poor thing in her arms, and tried in all ways she could think of to relieve it.

4. She bound it up in cool, wet cloths, and gave it medicine and gruel, and took care of it all day and night. The cat was soon better, and after a day or two it was as well as ever; and this was the way it took to show how thankful it was to the lady for her kindness:

5. One night, after she had gone up-stairs, she heard a mew at the window; and, upon opening it, there was the cat with a mouse in its mouth.

6. It had climbed up a tree that grew against the house, and, when the window opened, it came in and laid the mouse at the lady's feet. It rubbed against her, and purred loudly, as if it said, "See, what a fine mouse I have brought you!"

7. The cat thought a mouse the best of all things, and this best it gave up for itself, and brought to its best friend, the lady.

8. This it did for a long time every day, and when, afterwards, it caught mice for its kittens, one mouse was laid aside for the lady. If the kittens tried to eat this, it gave them a little pat, as if it said, "That is not for you."

9. After a while the lady would take the mouse, and thank puss with a pleased look and a kind tone, and then give it to the kittens, the cat looking on well pleased while they ate it.

Exercise. — Give the meaning of *distress*, *pitiful*, *relieve*, *enough*.

Use each of these words in a sentence of your own.

Why is this lesson called "The Grateful Cat"?

Tell this story in your own words.

"All that you do, do with your might;

Things done by halves, are never done right."



TEDDY.

September

November

skates

October

December

dreams

1. Teddy in September
Weeds the garden bed,

Feels the sun a-shining warm
On his little head.

2. Teddy in October

Finds the breezes cool,
Thinks he'll take his little coat
When he goes to school.

3. Teddy in November

Says, "My hands are blue,"
Stuffs them in his pockets—"wish
Feet would go there too!"

4. Teddy in September

Finds a ruddy peach.
See, the grapes are getting ripe,
Red or purple—each!

5. Teddy in October

Hastens out to play.
It is lovely out of doors;
Hurry books away.

6. Teddy in November

Finds his skates and sled.
Dreams about Old Santa Claus
When he goes to bed!

BEING OBLIGING.

mailed	broken	oblige
upstairs	supper	comforted
surprised	answered	spool

1. One day, when little Arthur was making mud-pies in the front yard he heard some one call him. It was his Aunt Jane, who was standing on the front porch, with a letter in her hand.

2. "Run across the street and put this letter in the box, Arthur, please," she said.

3. "No, I don't want to," answered Arthur, who did not like to be disturbed.

4. So Aunt Jane went across the street herself and mailed the letter.

5. Not long after this Arthur's mother asked him to take a spool of silk to Aunt Jane, who was upstairs.

6. "No, I don't want to," answered Arthur again.

7. His mother said nothing, but when she went upstairs, herself with the silk she had a little talk with Aunt Jane about Arthur.

8. An hour later Arthur ran to Aunt Jane with a broken whip.

9. "Please mend this, Aunt Jane," he cried.

10. "No, I don't want to," said Aunt Jane, continuing her sewing.

11. Arthur seemed surprised for a moment, then hung his head and turned away.

12. When supper was over, Arthur carried a book of fairy tales to his mamma.

13. "Please read me a story, mamma," he said.

14. "No, I don't want to," said his mother, who was knitting.

15. Arthur's lip quivered, and his eyes were full of tears as he sat down on a cushion in a corner to look at the pictures in the book.

16. But he forgot his trouble when his papa came in.

17. "O papa!" he said, running to him; "please make me a whistle."

18. "No, I don't want to," said his papa.

19. This was too much for Arthur, and he burst into tears. But no one comforted him, and nurse came and took him off to bed.

20. While she undressed him she told him that no one could love a little boy who never wanted to do favors, and if he were not ready to oblige others he must not expect others to oblige him.

21. The next morning Aunt Jane came out again with a letter. As soon as Arthur saw her he left his mud-cakes and ran to her.

22. "Let me put the letter in the box, Aunt Jane," he said.

23. Aunt Jane smiled and kissed him as she gave him the letter. She saw

that Arthur had learned a good lesson, and he never again refused to do a favor.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

SCHOOL-TIME.

1. Lagging feet, how slow they go,
Heigh ho! heigh ho!
On their way to school, you know,
Heigh ho! heigh ho!
2. By and by they'll swiftly run,
Sing oh! sing oh!
Home again, for school is done.
Sing oh! sing oh!

KAY BEE.

THE TWO PIGS.

country	summer	appetites
declared	trouble	scolded
surprised	laugh	wonder

A TRUE STORY.

1. When Madge was seven years old and Edith five they went to the

country to spend the summer on their Grandpa Mason's farm. Hav-



ing lived in the city all their lives they were very happy to be able to

run in the fields, pick wild-flowers, and ride in the hay-cart. They had such big appetites that grandma declared they would eat her out of house and home.

2. But they were very good little girls, and tried so hard not to give their grandma any trouble that one day Grandpa Mason made each of them a present of a little white pig.

3. The little girls had never before had any pets, and they became very fond of the pigs. One was named Snowball and the other Frisky, and they soon learned to come when the children called them. They were good little pigs, and very tame, and did not make a fuss when they were washed. They had to be washed very often, for they were fond of lying in mud-puddles, and playing in the farmyard with their dirty little brothers, and they didn't mind being scolded.



4. But the little girls loved ~~them~~, dirty or clean, and were sorry to leave them in September, when they went back to the city. They did not forget them, and when summer came again, and they went to the farm in June, they asked for Frisky and Snowball before they had even taken off their hats.

5. "They're alive, and will be glad to see you, I haven't a doubt," said grandpa. "Come out to the barn."

6. "The darling little things!" said Madge. "I wonder if they will know us."

7. But it was the little girls who didn't know the pigs, for Snowball and Frisky had grown into big hogs, and grandpa had them in a pen, fattening them to kill in the fall.

8. How he did laugh when he saw how surprised and sorry Madge and Edith were! But after a while he

took them into the loft of the barn and showed them two flying-squirrels in a tin cage.

9. "Here are some new pets," he said; "you will like these as well as the pigs."

10. But it was a long time before the little girls ceased to mourn over the loss of Frisky and Snowball.

F. B. GERHILL.



BOAT SAILING.

boats	sailing	earth
ocean	float	little
answered	again	sound

1. Charlie and Willie were sailing their boats on a little pond of water which the high tide had left on the beach.

2. After a while Charlie said, "I am going to sail my boat on the ocean. I don't like this little pond."

3. "Why, Charlie," answered Willie, "if you put your boat on the ocean, it will float away, and you will never see it again."

4. "Well," said Charlie, "perhaps it will float away round the world, and some boy who lives on the other side of the world may get it."

5. "Then the boys on the other side will find out what nice boats the boys on this side of the earth can make, won't they?" asked Willie.

SEWING.

hemming
pleasure

disappoint
careful

thimble
stitches

1. "No, I am quite too busy
To go out-doors and play,
This hemming will keep me work-
ing
As hard as I can all day.
2. "I'd rather play in the sunshine
Than sit in the house and sew,
But people must think of duty
Before their pleasure, you know.
3. "To-morrow will be the party,
And Dorothy cannot go
Unless I finish this for her.
(I can't disappoint her so!)
4. "Sometimes I forget which finger
Goes under the little hem,
Or which one should have the
thimble,—
It fits either one of them.

6. "Sometimes my thread gets tangled,
Or slips from the little eye;
Sometimes I prick my finger
Till I—well—almost cry.

7. "And how it makes my neck ache
To bend way down so low,
And be so careful—Oh, dear me!
It is dreadful work to sew.

8. "But there!—do you see the
stitches
All in a little row?
My darling dolly's handkerchief
Is finished, and she can go."

SYDNEY DAYRE.

Exercise. — What is the meaning of *tangled*, *hemming*,
disappoint? Use each word in a sentence.

What should people think of before pleasure?

The blessing of the Sord, it
maketh rich, and he addeth
no sorrow with it.



JAMES' BAD HABIT.

useful
thought
habit

loved
who
went

father
sick
neck

reproof
something
clothes

1. James was a good boy, but he had one very bad habit. If he was asked to do anything when he was at play, he would say, "I don't want to."

2. Now, James had a kind and gentle mother who loved him very much.

3. One day, when she was busy doing something for him, she asked him to bring her some water. "I don't want to," said he.

4. "Are you sick, James?" asked his mother.

5. "Oh, no," said he, "what makes you think I am sick?"

6. "I thought my boy could not be well if he did not want to help his mother in any way he could.

7. "I do not like to work when I am sick or tired; but my boy must be fed and clothed. I love him so much that I never say to him, 'I don't want to,' when I can do anything to make him happy."

8. James went to his mother, put his arms round her neck, and said, "I will never say 'I don't want to' again."

9. He is now a good and useful man, and says he will never forget his mother's reproof.

10. Boys and girls, when your father or your mother asks you to do anything, never say, "I don't want to."

Exercise. — What was James' bad habit?
How was it cured?

When asked to do right,
never say, "I don't want to."

MRS. BLOSSOM.

people
cottage

happiest
woman

flowers
babies

1. Old Mrs. Blossom lives in a pretty cottage. Everybody in the town

loves Mrs. Blossom, for she is a good woman, and she has taken care of sick people and little babies for many years.

2. Now she is too old to work any more, but she is one of the happiest old ladies in the world.

3. The old folks and the young folks always remember Mrs. Blossom's birthday, and from morning till night her cottage is full of people, who come with flowers and gifts to wish her a happy day.

LANGUAGE.

What language should well-bred people use?

Well-bred people use only polite language.

What is polite language?

Such words as express our
thoughts clearly and simply.

How do people learn slang,
or street talk?

By keeping company with
impolite people.

Be careful to say

I did it. I saw it.

I have it. He got it.

It is I. Was it she?

I have written.

They knew better.

Shall I go now?

Please may I go out?

It is for you and me to say.



THE BEE BABIES.

1. A bee does not live more than three or four years. The work bees know that some of the grubs must grow to be queens, others to be drones, and others work bees. They make for the baby queen bee a large, round cell.

2. In each hive there are five or six cells for these baby queens. Then the nurse bees feed the grubs. They give the baby queens all they can eat of very nice food.

3. The baby work bees get only plain bee bread. The work babies are in small cells. The grub of the new queen bee grows large, and eats as much as it wants.

4. The grub of the work bee gets little food, and is then shut in its tight cell, to turn into a bee. After a time the grubs shut in the big cells turn into queen bees. They begin to sing a song.

5. The queen bee hears it. She knows that more queen bees will come out. Then she gets cross.

6. She runs at the cells, to try to kill the new queens. The work bees all stand in her way. They will not let her kill the new queens.

7. But there can be only one queen in a hive at one time. So the old queen says, "Come! I will go away! I will not live here any more!"

8. Many of the old bees say, "We will go with our queen." Then they fly out of the hive in a cloud. They wish to find a new home.

9. Did you ever see bees swarm? They may fly far away, or they may light near by.

10. They hang on a vine, or branch, or stick, like a bunch of grapes. Can you put them into a new hive? Yes.

11. Drop them softly into a new hive where there is a piece of honey-comb. In a few hours they are calm. Then they go to work.

12. The work bees begin to make cells. They spread wax. They build walls.

13. If a young bee lays a bit of wax wrong, some old one takes it up and lays it right.

THE STORY OF A SNOW-FLAKE.

1. Not long ago I was floating in water which was drawn from a well to fill a tea-kettle. The kettle was placed over a fire, and in a short time the water began to boil. I, with many other drops of water, was changed to steam, which passed out of the nose of the kettle into the air. We then floated away through the open window up to join the clouds.

2. One day as we clouds were chasing one another about in the sky, a freezing wind caught us and changed us into ice-dust. After we were changed we fell to the earth as beautiful, feathery flakes of snow.

3. We cannot stay long with you, for soon the sun or the rain will come and change us into water again. Some of us will help to make the rivers larger, and will take a long journey before returning to Cloudland. Others will soon be vapor again, and go back to our home in the clouds.

BEAUTIFUL FLAKES OF SNOW.

"O beautiful flakes of snow,
Falling so softly around,
I wonder what good you do
By covering all the ground!"

"Dear children," the little flakes said,
"We have our work to do;
By covering the roots and plants,
We keep them the winter through."

THE STORM AT SEA.

1. "A little ship was on the sea,
It was a pretty sight;
It sailed along so pleasantly,
While all was calm and bright.
2. "But, lo! a storm began to rise;
The wind was loud and strong,
It blew the clouds across the
skies,
It blew the waves along.
3. "And all, save One, were sore
afraid
Of sinking in the deep."
His head was on a pillow laid,
And He was fast asleep.
4. "Master, we perish: Master, save!"
They cried. The Master heard.
He rose, rebuked the winds and
waves,
And stilled them with a word!"

Exercise. — Who was the Master of the ship?
On what sea was the ship?

FRANK AND THE BOAT.

roll	tell	waves	dashed
coat	papa	captain	learned
boat	wind	blows	beach

1. "Papa, I want to sail in the new boat. Will you take me out?"

2. "It is pretty cold, Frank. See how the wind blows, and how the waves roll on the beach."

3. "I know it is cold, papa, but I have on a warm coat."

4. "Well, come on. I will hold the boat while you get in."

5. So Frank and his papa got into the boat and put up the sail.

6. The waves were very high, but Frank was not afraid. The boat was strong, and his papa could sail it well.

7. The waves dashed over the side of the boat, but the more they dashed, the more fun it was for Frank.

8. When Frank got to be a man, he

was so fond of the water that he went to sea in a large ship.

9. He learned how to sail the ship, and after a while he was made captain of it.

10. He is an old man now, and likes to tell little boys and girls all he learned and saw while he was captain of a ship.

PULL THE WEEDS.

1. Pull the weeds, my little maid,
That's good work to do;
Better drop the ugly spade, —

It's too big for you.
In the onion bed, you see,
Weeds with onions don't agree;
Pull the weeds and set them free,
Onions then will grow.

2. Do you want to help me, dear,
Very, very much?
Careful walk along right here,

And you must not touch;
 You must learn to keep the row;
 Pull the weeds where'er they grow;
 Soon you'll learn to use the hoe,
 Rake, and spade, and such.

M. E. McKee.

A wise son maketh a glad
 father: but a foolish son is
 the heaviness of his mother.

The fear of the Lord is the
 beginning of wisdom.

JIP.

pleasant
 thought
 afraid

running
 frightened
 stones

hungry
 suppose
 venture

1. One pleasant morning, Jip, a
 pretty little white dog, said to his
 mother, "Mother, I want to go and

take a run alone this morning. I have never been out of the yard yet, without you."

2. His mother said, "I am afraid you could not find your way home without me."

3. But little Jip thought he could.

4. So off he started, running along, and barking at all the boys he saw.

5. Some of the boys threw stones at him when he barked at them; and that frightened him, and made him run faster.

6. At last, poor little Jip found he had got so far away from home, that he couldn't tell how to get back again.

7. He sat down by an old fence, and began to cry, very sadly, "Bow-wow, bow-wow."

8. But no one took the least notice of him.

9. By and by he began to get hun-

gry, and he said to himself, "I don't know what I shall do. Nobody will give me a bone. I suppose I shall starve."

10. Then he went slowly across the street, and looked in through an open gate; but seeing two boys at play in the yard, and remembering their treatment of him, he did not venture in.

11. As he turned to go back, he saw his old friend, Prince, coming.

12. He rushed down the street to meet him; and said, with a glad bark, "Oh, Prince, please take me home again. I don't know the way, and I am very hungry."

13. So Prince, being a very good-natured dog, showed him the way to go.

14. When he got home, his mother said, "Well, my little Jip, you must wait till you are older, before you take another trip alone."

15. I think I will wait: don't
you?"

Exercise. — Why will he wait next time?

What lesson has he learned?

Try to tell a story like this about a little boy.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

1. We're little lads and lassies gay,
Pray to our song give ear;

We've come a long and snowy way
To sing of Christmas cheer.

1. There's no day half so dear and
glad,

Alike to young and old;
We pray that no one may be sad,
Or want for lack of gold.

2. That each may have a merry heart
To greet this merry day,
And pass a happy greeting on
To all who come their way.

3. For Christmas is no time for woe,
'Tis a day for joy and cheer;
It comes with breathing greens
and snow
To round the happy year.

L. A. BRANCH.

Exercise. — How many syllables in each line?
Which lines have the same number of syllables?
What are the children in the picture doing?
Give each one a line, and then tell a story which the
picture suggests.

Children love one another.

THE CATS THAT WENT TO LAW.

due	monkey	heavier
trial	lawyer	trouble
agree	justice	cheese

1. Two cats stole some cheese, but could not agree about dividing it. So they went to law about it before Judge Monkey.

2. When the case came to trial, the judge took a pair of scales, and put a part of the cheese in each scale.

3. "Let me see," said he. "This lump is heavier than the other." So he bit off a large piece from it to make the shares equal.

4. But now the piece in the other scale was the heavier, and the judge was just going to bite another piece from that.

5. "Stop! stop!" said the two cats, who feared they should lose it all. "Give each of us our share of what is left, and we shall be satisfied."

6. "If you are satisfied," said the monkey, "justice is not. The law, my friends, must take its course, — must take its course, I say."

7. So he kept nibbling, first one piece and then another, till the cheese was nearly all gone.

8. The cats then begged the monkey not to give himself any further trouble.

9. "Ha! ha! ha! not so fast, good ladies," said the monkey; "we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you. What remains is due to me as the lawyer."

10. So he crammed the whole into his mouth at once, and, looking very wise, broke up the court!

Exercise. — Relate the story of the two cats.

In what ways is a cat different from a monkey?

Is selfishness really profitable?

Mark the sounds of *a* in *case*, *trial*, *all*.

Every hour has its task.



THE CHICKADEE-DEE.

1. Little darling of the snow,
Careless how the winds may blow,
Happy as a bird can be,
Singing, oh, so cheerily,
Chickadee-dee! Chickadee-dee!
2. When the skies are cold and gray,
When he trills his happiest lay,
Through the clouds he seems to see
Hidden things to you and me.
Chickadee-dee! chickadee-dee!
3. Very likely little birds
Have their thoughts too deep for
words.

But we know, and all agree,
That the world would dreary be
Without birds, dear chickadee!

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

Exercise. — Copy, and put in right words for the blanks.

The chickadee-de ———.

He ——— when the skies are cold and gray.

Little birds have their ———.

Birds have ——— in trees.

“Don’t tell the ———, the pretty birds,
That ——— about your door.”

THE PET LAMB.

1. Some children had a pet lamb called Daisy. Their mother was so poor that at last she had nothing left to sell but the pet lamb.

2. So she went to the butcher and asked him to buy the lamb. The butcher said, “Here is five dollars, and I will come for the lamb tomorrow.”

3. When he came the next day, the children were playing with Daisy.

"I have come for the lamb," said the man. When they heard this, the children cried out, "Oh, mother, you will not sell our lamb!"

4. Said the mother, "I have no food; I *must* sell it." The children all came about her, and begged her not to sell it.

5. Then the mother, with tears, gave back the money to the butcher, saying, "I will keep the lamb a little longer." But the butcher was a kind man, and said, "Keep both the lamb and the money."

If you cannot speak well of your friends, do not speak of them at all.

Do not say anything about any one, unless it is kind and true.



MAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.

1. "The latch is so high
On this great, big door,



And I've so many apples
In my pinafore!

2. "I got them for mamma, —
This is her birthday, —
And I know when she sees them
Just what she will say.

"Oh, what shall I do?
Hark! a step in the hall.
Hurry, oh, hurry!
My apples will fall."

4. The door opens wide, —
'Tis mamma herself,
Who thanks, with sweet kisses,
Her dear little elf.

THE BIRD SET FREE

1. Fly away, my little birdie,
Upward, upward, sing
and soar;

You are free to-day, my
birdie.

All your captive days, are
over.

Fly away beyond the rain,
Never to be caught again;
Up into the morning sky,
Birdie mine, good-bye,
good-bye.

Fly away, then, little birdie,
Sing with joy that you
are free.

God has given life and
freedom

Unto you as unto me.



DAISY MILLS.

company

flowers

cottages

watches

dearly

sweet

1. Daisy Mills is the farmer's little girl.

2. She lives in a cottage beyond the trees, and she is so sweet and good that I am sure you would love her dearly.

3. She often comes out in the field to keep Robby company. Robby is her brother, and he watches the sheep. Daisy picks flowers and sings songs, and talks to the birds and Robby.

4. She loves play as well as any child, but when her mother rings the bell at the cottage door, then Daisy knows there is work for her to do, and away she runs, just as willing to work as she is glad to play. Do you always act thus?

DO YOUR BEST.

1. Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day;
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

2. Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home, or at your school,
Do your best with right good-will;
It is a golden rule.
3. Still do your best, if but at taw
You join the merry ring;
Or if you play at battledore;
Or if you skip, or swing.
4. Or if you write your copy-book,
Or if you read, or spell,
Or if you seam, or hem, or knit—
Be sure you do it well.

THE NAUGHTY CHICKEN.

dripping	beautiful	between
rogue	naughty	fierce
fence	garden	currant

1. The Chickity Fluffs lived in the
finest coop in Currant Bush Row.
It had a real door with leathern

hinges, and a button, and all the slats were nailed on true and even.

3. There were ten of the Chickity Fluffs, and nine were good, and one was naughty — the black chicken.



4. He it was who always hopped into the water and upset it; he who scratched dirt into the man's face; he who intruded into the other coops, unto

all the mother hens hated him, and wished Mrs. Chickity Fluff had lived to bring up her children properly.

6. Now there was always plenty to eat in Currant Bush Row—grain, crumbs, and meal three times a day, and there were good scratching-places all about.

7. But one morning the black chicken, who had been gone ever since sunrise, came back to the coop, dripping with dew, and a bright light in his eye—ah, that was a rogue's eye if ever there were one!

8. "I have found a beautiful country!" said he, "a country full of lovely soft scratching-places, with paths between, and they are just as full as they can be of all kinds of seeds, and all kinds of bugs and worms. Come and see—it is just through that fence!"

9. And where think you it was? In the garden! And what think

you happened? A fierce little dog
flew at them, and barked them out,
and came *very* near catching the
naughty black chicken by the leg.

THE FLY.

crawls	watch	rainbows
believe	tickling	choose
shoes	spread	spider

1. Baby-bye;
Here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls
Up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
2. I believe with six such legs
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes
On his toes,
Tickling Baby's nose.
3. Spots of red
Dot his head;

Rainbows on his back are spread ;
That small speck
Is his neck ;
See him nod and beck !

4. I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look for his shoes,
Three small pairs,
Made of hairs ;
These he always wears.
5. Flies can see
More than we ;
So how bright their eyes must be !
Little fly,
Ope your eye ;
Spiders are near by.
6. For a secret I can tell,
Spiders never use flies well ;
Then away,
Do not stay.
Little fly ; good day.

Exercise. — How many wings has a fly ?
How many legs has a fly ?
Is it right to kill a fly ?



PRETTY POLLY.

Détroit
drawl

parrot
sugar

own
queer

1. There are a great many pretty Pollys in the world. This one was owned by a lady in Detroit.

2. The lady lived in a house with high, stone steps, on one of the wide streets. The cage for the parrot stood in the bay window.

3. In the morning the cage was open for awhile, and Polly hopped about outside.

4. All the little children on that street knew and loved Polly.

5. Some of them had to go past the house to go to school. They always looked to see if the window was open, or if Polly was out of her cage.

6. If she was, she would hop down to the post to see them. And they would give her a bit of cake, or a cracker, or some other nice thing.

7. Polly was sure to pay them with some of her wise looks or queer sayings.

8. If older people said, "Good

FIRST READER.

morning, Mistress Polly," would sometimes drawl out, "Good m-o-r-n-i-n-g; Polly's sleepy!"

9. To the next she might say, "Good morning; don't bother a bird."

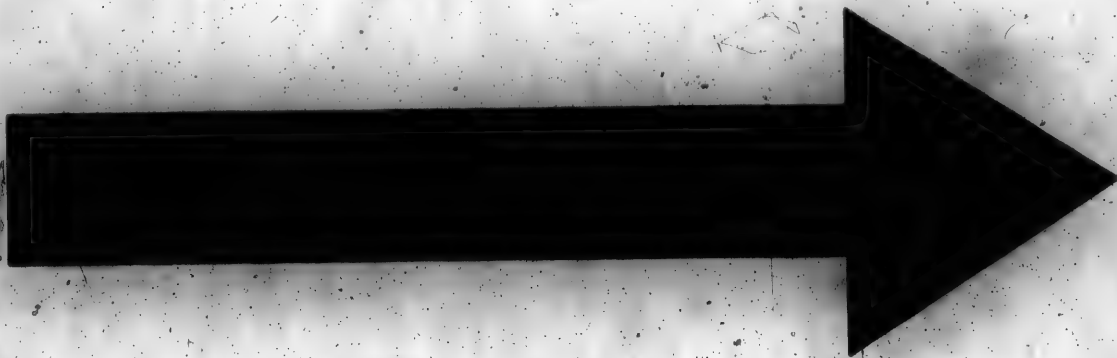
10. The children are very fond of Polly. They are sometimes late at school, because they stop too long to talk to her.

11. The one who sees the bird first calls out, "Look, look, Polly is out of her cage!"

12. May is the one who can make her talk best. She goes behind her and holds out a bit of cake. "Here, Polly," she says, "you know me."

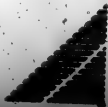
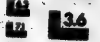
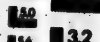
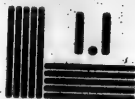
13. "Yes," drawls Polly, "I know you. You're good children." That makes them laugh, and Polly does not like that. "Don't laugh," says May.

14. When Polly has all she wants, she will say, "Go to school now, children, go to school."



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15. Then off they run as fast as they can, for they know it must be time.

16. This will all be said over again the next day, but each time it seems just as funny as before.

17. Sometimes the children used to talk about her strong, stout legs.

18. "How her toes point, — two straight in front, and two back!" they would say.

19. Or, "What a queer bill she has, and how funny she looks when she eats!"

20. But Polly did not seem to like it.

21. "I don't blame her," said May; "we shouldn't like to have any one do it to us. We won't do it any more."

22. They hope she will say some new thing; but she has only three sayings for them: "I like you," "You're good children," and "Go to school."

23. Polly has one bitter enemy, and that is Jim, the black cat.

THE STORY OF A BUTTERFLY.

1. One warm day in summer there was born a baby caterpillar, and a queer little roll he was. His coat was made of black, brown, and yellow fur. He had ten short legs and a strong little mouth. On each side of his head he had three shining black eyes.

2. He lived in a tree, and how big the world about him seemed to be! He ate tender green leaves and little buds for breakfast. Often, for dinner, he nibbled a large green leaf, piece by piece, until he had eaten it all.

3. One day something whispered to him that by and by a great change would come to him, and that he would be able to fly instead of crawl, and that his eyes would be able to see lovely things far away.

4. After a while he grew very sleepy, his bright eyes became dim, and he felt faint and chilly. So he made himself a little bed, fastened it to a

leaf, slipped off his worn-out clothes, and crept into it. The breeze rocked him to and fro till he fell asleep.

5. A long time he slept, but one morning the sun shining brightly on his little bed roused him, and made him open his drowsy eyes. Then he began to creep slowly forth, putting his head out and then his body.

6. What a surprise he was to himself! Instead of his old fur coat, he had on the finest velvet suit he had ever seen. Instead of ten feet, he had six, and on his shoulders were a pair of beautiful wings, dotted with gold and edged with black and yellow. His eyes were like diamonds.

7. He spread his bright wings and flitted from flower to flower the whole day long, sipping honey from the sweet blossoms. At night he folded his wings, rested in a lily cup, and the wind rocked him to sleep. How glad he was to be no longer a caterpillar, but a beautiful butterfly.

THE HAIL-STONE'S STORY.

1. "Tap! Tap! Tap! Why don't you let me come into your warm room?" said a little hail-stone as it struck the window pane. "I have been on a long journey and am very cold."

2. "Where did you come from?" I asked.

3. "From Cloudland, of course; that was my home."

4. "I was part of a beautiful, fleecy cloud until a chilling wind blew upon it. He did not hurt the cloud much at first, for he only blew hard enough to change it into water-drops; then he said, 'Let us run a race and see which can reach the earth first.' He got a little ahead at the start, and when we rain-drops caught up with him, he blew a chilling breath which froze us into these ice-drops."

5. "Oh, I am so cold!" said the poor little hail-stone as it melted away.



A CHILD SAVED BY A DOG.

autumn	servants	quickly
carried	minutes	soundly

1. About six o'clock one autumn evening there was an alarm of fire

in a large house upon a wide heath.

2. The flames quickly spread, and all the servants ran out in a fright, just as dinner was going to be served to the mistress of the house.

3. Little Bertie had been put to bed about ten minutes before the fire broke out, as he was not very well.

4. The nurse forgot all about the child, so eager was she to save herself from being burnt, and so did all the rest of the people that lived in the house, except the lady whose servants had run away so quickly.

5. She was the mother of Bertie, — his father was away from home that evening, — and she made haste to her little boy's room and took him in her arms, but she was so frightened, and so blinded and choked with the smoke, that she fell and dropped Bertie and staggered out into the fresh air.

6. Bruce, a large Newfoundland dog, who was little Bertie's playmate, seeing her come out without the boy, and knowing that she should have brought out his little master, darted into the dark smoke, and soon found him.

7. Taking him by the dress, he proudly carried him out of the burning house.

8. Bertie was carried to the house of a friend, where he was soon safe in bed again, and slept soundly till morning.

9. Do you think Bertie or his mother will ever forget brave Bruce or fail to treat him kindly?

Exercise. — Write answers to the following questions:

What is meant by *autumn*, *eager*, *alarm*?

Where was the burning house?

What is a heath?

How did the servants act?

How should they have acted?

Who remembered the little boy?

Who saved him?



1. A frisky young lamb-
kin,

One morning in May,
Went into the meadows
To nibble and play ;

2. And, jumping too gaily,
He happened to fall
Against a rough thorn-bush
That grew by the wall.

3. "Oh, what ugly briars,"
He cried, with a pull,
"To tangle me up so,
And tear out my wool!"
4. But he cleared himself soon
With a vigorous bound
And went skipping away
Through the meadows around.
5. That very same morning,
A thrifty young thrush
Came hopping along
By that very same bush;
6. And when hanging there
On the thorn she espied
Some locks from the fleece
Of the lambkin, she cried:—
7. "Oh, you are good briars
To get wool for me!"
And she carried it off
To the old apple-tree,
8. And lined her nest with it
In daintiest way;

As happy at work
As the lambkin at play.

M. E. N. HATHAWAY.

God made nothing in vain.

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

through	window	suppose
together	answered	caught

1. George and James were playing together, and George's ball went through the window of a house.

2. James said, "Let's run away, and then they will not know who broke the window."

3. "No," answered George, "I would not do such a mean thing. I broke the window, and I am going to own it, and pay for it."

4. "Well," said James, "I suppose that is the best way to do. I didn't think how mean it would be to run away. I will pay half; for if I had

caught the ball, it would not have broken the window."

Exercise.—What would running away have shown these boys to be?

What did they decide to do?

Tell a story like this about "A Borrowed Knife."



LITTLE MOUSIE GRAY.

corner	peeking	caught
nibbled	eat	naughty
cellar	hungry	frightened

1. I am a little gray mouse named Dick. I live with my mother and big brother in the dark corner of a cellar.

2. My big brother calls me "Little Pry." I don't see why, do you? He says I shall get caught in a trap some day.

3. I know what a trap is, for I saw Mary put one near our home one day.

4. I heard her say, "Now I shall catch the little mouse that eats our cake and pies."

5. I knew she meant me, for I am the only little mouse in the house. She did not see me peeking at her from behind a big box.

6. When she went away, I jumped up and down, and said, "No, Miss Mary, you won't catch me; for I am a smart mouse, if I am little."

7. I went and looked at the trap. I smelled some cheese in it, and I

wanted it, for I was very hungry; but I was afraid to get it.

8. So I ran up stairs, where Mary keeps her cake. I ate a big piece, and it made me sick.

9. My big brother said that if I had brought some home to him, I should not have been sick.

10. My big brother is very funny. He is always making jokes.

11. The next day I saw Mary come and fix the cheese in the trap. I like cheese better than you like pie, so I made up my mind to get it.

12. I went round the trap, and found a door open. I went in and nibbled the cheese. It tasted so good!

13. I thought I would go home and call my brother, but I could not find the door.

14. I began to cry peep — peep — peep!

15. Mary must have heard me, for she came down the stairs and said,

"I knew I should catch you some time, you bad little mouse!"

16. I had never been called bad be-



fore, and it made me cry peep — peep! again.

17. "You would make a nice meal for Tab," said Mary, "if you were not so small."

18. Mary took me up stairs in the trap, and called, "Tab, Tab, Tab, here is a nice bit for you!"

19. When I saw Tab's great eyes I was so frightened that I got up in a corner of the trap, and tried to hide.

20. "Now catch him!" said Mary, and she opened the trap door.

21. I ran out, and I heard Tab after me.

22. How I did run! I saw the coal-hod in the room, and I jumped into it. I was so little that they did not see me.

23. I heard Mary say,

"You naughty Tab,
Not to catch that mouse.

—Now I can't keep a pie
Or a cake in this house."

24. The first time the cellar door was open I ran home. When I told my brother about the trap and Tab, he said, "I told you so."

25. I have not dared go out for two days, but am so hungry I must go and find something to eat. I will never touch cheese again.

I mean to keep out of Tab's way, too, wouldn't you?

How sweetly does the time fly
When, to please my mother, I
Do with all my heart try.
'Tis Love says so.

THE DARLING LITTLE GIRL.

pleasant	darling	everybody
gladness	sunny	thoughts
music	impart	whitest

1. Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

2. Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.
3. Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know?
She it is whose acts and thoughts
Are as pure as whitest snow.

What a world of gladness
Will a smile impart.

NERO.

kennel	curious	robber
thieves	crawled	growling
scratched	usual	though

1. Nero was a dog that slept in a kennel in the yard to keep watch in the night, so that no thieves would come about and steal.

2. One night he followed his master up stairs to his bedroom. The ser-

vant turned him out; but he howled and scratched at the door, and when



he was driven away, he soon came back.

3. At last his master, curious to see what he would do, ordered the door

to be opened. The dog at once rushed into the room, and, giving a little, short bark, by way of thanks, he crawled under the bed, as if he meant to stay there.

4. The master thought the dog acted rather strangely; but he soon forgot all about it, and, at the usual time, went to bed.

5. In the middle of the night a great noise in the room woke the master, and he got up to see what was the matter. There, on the floor, was a man flat on his back, while Nero stood over him growling in a way that said, "Lie still if you wish to keep a whole skin."

6. The man was tied and taken to prison, and he proved to be a robber who had come to steal the master's purse, and perhaps to kill him.

7. What made the dog leave his own bed and go up to the room of his master nobody knew; but he seemed

to think that his master was in danger, and so he went up to help him.

3. You may be sure that Nero was well treated after this, and he could sleep where he pleased; but he went back to his kennel, as though he knew it was his place to keep watch out-of-doors.

9. He lived to be a very old dog, and he had the best of care until he died.

Exercise.—What is a kennel? What is a robber?

What was Nero's work?

Tell how he found the robber.

Mark the silent letters in *night, great, tied.*

STEALING.

What is meant by stealing?

Stealing is the taking and carrying away of the goods of another without his knowledge and consent.

What desire leads people to steal?

Covetousness leads people to take what does not belong to them.

What is he called who steals?

How much or how little should one steal to be a thief?

Why?

What does the moral law say about stealing?

It says, "Thou shalt not steal."

SLEEPY HARRY.

commandment	forsake	continually
naughty	naked	roosting
beggar	wanders	foolish



1. "I do not like to go to bed," Sleepy little Harry said.

2. "Go, naughty Betty, go away; I will not come at all, I say."

3. "Ah, silly child, what is he saying? As if he could be always playing; 'Then, Betty, you must come and carry This very foolish little Harry.

4. "The little birds are better taught;
They all go roosting when they
ought.

And all the ducks and fowls, you
know,

They went to bed an hour ago.

5. "The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders forth with naked
feet,

And has not where to lay his
head,—

Oh, he'd be glad to go to bed."

My son, keep thy father's
commandment, and forget
not the law of thy mother.

Bind them continually
upon thine heart, and tie
them about thy neck.

THE RAINBOW FAIRIES.

1. One moonlight night three little flower fairies were playing under a large oak tree. Their names were Buttercup, Forget-me-not, and Geranium. Buttercup wore a yellow dress; Forget-me-not a blue dress, and Geranium a red dress.

2. Not far away were three other fairies who had on old and faded dresses. Geranium said to them, "Come and play with us."

3. "Our dresses are not pretty enough," said one of them. "To-day we had some hard work to do, and wore our old clothes. Now we are on our way home."

4. "We shall be glad to have you play with us just as you are," said Forget-me-not.

5. "To make you more happy, we will try to have you dressed as well as we are," said Buttercup.

6. Then Buttercup told them to

bring Lily cups with dew in them. She dipped the skirt of her dress into a cup of dew, and the dew was dyed yellow. Forget-me-not dipped her skirt into another cup, and the dew became blue. Buttercup mixed the blue and yellow, and said, "Now, jump in, little fairy." When the fairy came out, her faded dress had become a beautiful green dress.

7. "It is my turn now," said Geranium. So she dipped her skirt into another cup. Forget-me-not did the same, and when they had mixed the red and blue, the second little fairy jumped in, and behold! her dress became a rich purple.

8. Next, Buttercup and Geranium dipped their dresses into two fresh cups of dew, and when the yellow and red were mixed, they dyed the third little fairy's dress the color of an orange.

9. Then they all laughed, clapped

their hands, danced around the oak tree, and enjoyed their games all the more because they had made their sister fairies happy.

10. After a while rain came on, and the fairies hid under the bushes. In the morning, after the rain was over, the sun shone bright. The little fairies came out from under the bushes, joined hands, and flew away to the sky, where they formed a beautiful rainbow. Ever after that they were known as the rainbow fairies.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Like the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

2. Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden.
Like the heaven above.

MICE IN THE MEAL-CHEST

thought	something	answered
squirrel!	hidden	quietly
running	frightened	through

1. A little mouse whose name was Nibbler thought he would take a walk one fine day. So he ran out of his hole and went up to a farm-house to look for something to eat.

2. On the way, he saw old Tab, the cat that lived at the farm-house.

3. "Ah, Tab," said he to himself, "you would like to have me for your dinner, I know; but I don't think you will this time."

4. He kept very still till Tab was out of sight.

5. Then he said to himself, with a laugh, "If old Tab had known there was a good fat mouse so near, she wouldn't have gone into the woods to look for a bird or a squirrel."

6. He had just started on again,



when he met little Graypaws, a mouse who lived in the same barn with him, and whom he often went to visit.

7. "Why, Graypaws," he said, "I am glad to see you. Where are you going?"

8. "I was just taking a walk," answered Graypaws. "and I am glad to meet you too. Are you going up to the farm-house?"

9. "Yes," said Nibbler. "Come on, will you? Old Tab has just gone down to the woods to find a squirrel for her dinner, so we sha'n't have to look out for her. She went close by where I was hidden, but I kept very still, I can tell you, till she was gone, for I don't mean to let her bite off my head."

10. "No," replied Graypaws; "she sha'n't eat me, if I can help it. What a fierce, ugly-looking creature she is, isn't she? I'd rather meet a dozen

boys, any time, fierce as they are, than to meet her. I can always get away from a boy, but a cat, oh, dear! A cat is just terrible."

11. "That's a fact," said Nibbler; "but if we stand here talking so long, old Tab will get back, and then we shall have to go home without a mouthful of dinner. So, come on; I know where they keep their meal, and I'll show you."

12. So on they went, and in a few minutes reached the farm-house.

13. They crept quietly in through a little hole which was under the door, and were soon in the meal-chest.

14. They tasted the sweet, fresh meal, and found it so nice that I don't know but they would have spent the whole afternoon in the chest if an accident hadn't happened.

15. Graypaw's tail, which was very long, got covered up in the meal, and Nibbler, not seeing it of course,

gave the end such a sharp little bite, that Graypaws couldn't help giving a loud squeal.

16. In an instant, George, the farmer's boy, came running into the meal-room, calling, "Kitty, kitty, kitty; I do believe there's a mouse here!"

17. The two frightened little mice heard him coming, and, quick as a flash, they sprang out of the chest, and down through another open door, into the yard.

18. And then didn't they set off at full speed for home!

19. They didn't stop once to speak to each other, or to look behind them, till they were safe in their own barn; and then Graypaws said, "Oh dear! How my heart beats. It is lucky for us that Tab was not there, Nibbler."

Do the best you can.

THE CALF THAT WENT TO SCHOOL.

1. A dozen little boys and girls,
With sun-browned cheeks and
flaxen curls,
Stood in a row one day, at school,
And each obeyed the teacher's rule.
2. Bright eyes were on their open
books,
Outside the sunny orchard nooks
Sent fragrant breezes through the
room
To whisper of the summer's bloom.
3. A busy hum of voices rose,
The morning lesson neared its close,
When "tap, tap, tap," upon the
floor,
Made every eye turn to the door.
4. A little calf, that wandered by,
Had chanced the children there to
spy,
And trotted in to join the class,
Much to the joy of lad and lass.

- c. Their A, B, Ab, and B A, Ba,
It heard, and solemnly did say:
"Baa! Baa!" then scampered to the
green,
And never since in school has been.
- d. Those girls and boys soon learned
to spell
And read and write; but who can
tell
How great that little calf became?
It may be, now, a cow of fame!
Or was that "Baa!" all that it
knew?
I think it must have been. Don't
you?

GEORGE COOPER.

Exercise. — Give the meaning of *flaxen*, *orchard*, *nooks*, *scampered*.

Name the marks after *Baa* and *you* in the last two lines.
What is the use of each mark?

HABITS.

What is meant by habits?

Habits are actions of the mind or body that have been learned by practice.

Good habits are such practices as tend to make ourselves and others happy.



THE DONKEY.

countries	queer	mountains
* gutters	coarse	weather
tinker	thistles	faithful

1. Poor old donkey! In some countries he is made to do all kinds of hard and dirty work, and he is

driven about with many blows and kicks.

2. The ragman, in the city, picks up a load for him out of the gutters; and the tinker, who goes about mending old pans and kettles, loads him down with heavy tools.

3. There are people that have no homes, but rove about and drive donkeys in queer little carts, and camp by the wayside, and sleep out-of-doors.

4. For them a donkey is better than a horse, for he can live upon coarse food. He eats thistles and weeds that a horse will not touch; and he will pick up enough to eat where a horse would starve.

5. In places by the seaside, or among the mountains, where people go to stay in hot weather, donkeys are kept for ladies and children to ride.

6. In the morning, long rows of

them will stand waiting for ladies to come and hire them. They are so kind and steady, that there is no danger to the little children who ride them.

7. The donkey is very sure-footed, and will carry his rider safely over steep and stony places where a horse can not go. Poor old donkey! He looks stupid, and he is slow. But when treated kindly, he is a very willing and faithful servant.

Exercise. — What people use the donkey?

How is he sometimes better than a horse

Describe the donkey in the picture.

What is the name and use of the mark after *donkey* in the first line of the lesson?

FARMER BENT'S COWS.

family	view	teacher
dairy	shelves	healthy

1. Farmer Bent keeps two cows; and no cows in the world can have a happier life than his do.

2. All the family are fond of them. Every day some nice thing that cows like is saved for them.

3. The children feed them from a basket. Little Julie is only five



years old, yet she holds a wisp of hay and lets them eat it out of her hand.

4. In summer they have a cool shed to sleep in, and in winter a warm

barn. Last year each of them had a blanket hung on the Christmas tree to wear at night.

5. Their pasture is a pretty, green hillside. Jimmy Bent says he knows they like the sunsets and the pretty view, they stand looking at them so long.

6. Down in the hollow between the hills there is a brook, and a pond of clear fresh water.

7. Some trees grow there too; and the cows stand in the pond, or lie down in the cool shade, on hot summer days.

8. They go to the bars at night just in time for Jimmy, who goes there to meet them.

9. Each cow knows her place, and goes there to be milked. At night and in the morning they give two full pails of milk for the family to use.

10. If any one asks what makes

Farmer Bent's children so healthy and rosy, the teacher says, "It must be the nice rich milk they have."

11. And other children have it too; for they go every day with their pails to get it.

12. But even that does not use it all. On the dairy shelves are rows of bright pans filled with milk. They are skimmed every day, and the cream is put into a churn and made into butter.

13. Then all who wish can have a drink of fresh buttermilk.

14. In the summer cheese is made. The children always have a piece in their lunch-baskets.

15. The little pats of butter in the dairy are stamped with a round stamp. They are so pretty it seems a pity to cut them when they come to the table.

16. Kitty and the dog, the hens and the chickens, the ducks and the pigs,

all have a share of the milk that has been skimmed.

17. How many there are to get good from Whiteface and Brown Bess!

MORNING PRAYER.

Father, help thy little child;
Make me truthful, good, and mild,
Kind, obedient, modest, meek,
Mindful of the words I speak;
What is right may I pursue;
What is wrong refuse to do;
What is evil seek to shun—
This I ask through Christ thy Son.



EVENING PRAYER.

- 1 Ere I sleep, O Lord of all,
On Thy holy name I call;
Bless me ere I go to rest,
Thou whose love is dearest, best.
2. None can ever love like Thee;
Saviour, let me thankful be
For Thy goodness ever new,
Falling like the gracious dew.
3. All good gifts around me shed,
Father, mother, home, and bed,
Clothes and food, and toys so fair, —
All are tokens of Thy care.







